

Madonna On A Bus -- N.Y.C.

I saw her on a crowded bus
Creeping up third avenue
Smiling at the bustling fuss
With eyes her pregnancy shone through.

She was a clear skinned Puerto Rican
Ample arms and breasts and hips
Her radiance a holy beacon
Serenity, unpainted lips.

“She must be the Virgin Mother
Her people's savior in her belly
Journeying through the city summer
Underneath the sweltering El.”

And then I saw her ugly feet:
Callused, dirty, very fat
I shook my head and took my seat
And then I looked again at that
Plain woman growing matronly.
“So what,” I thought, “she still could be.”
She smiled and propositioned me.

-- Charles R. Angione

New Providence, New Jersey

The SUN And The COLLEGE

The sun is an electric polisher
When it shines through the dust
To allow the landscape to shine.

The college was kind
When it put his impurities aside
And gave him the office.

-- Sally Saunders

Bryn Mawr, Pa.